

25¢ Musical Red Peppers 25¢

HAPPY-HOWLS

In This Issue

*"Drink Up and
Have Another"*

Complete Words and Music



Coal Cuts No Ice Here

LIBRARY

Brigham Young University

AMERICANA

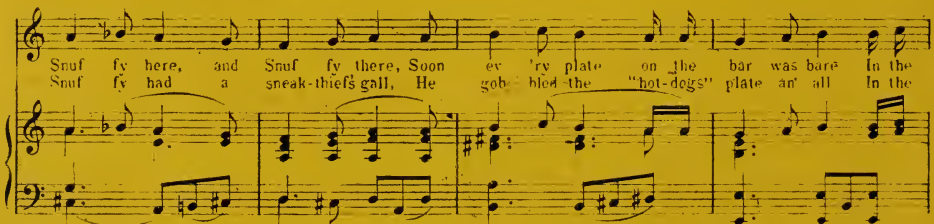
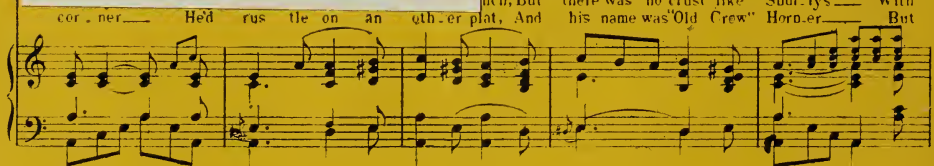
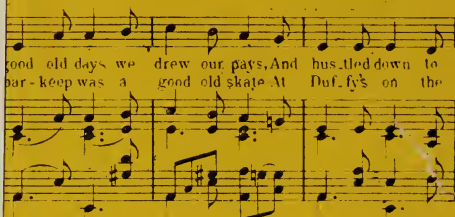


PS
625
.A1
no.229

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

Have Another E FORGET!

Music by
ARTHUR NEALE



Copyright 1927 by Vincent P. Sullivan

CHORUS ON BACK COVER INSIDE

EVEN AN INDIAN GOD GETS THESE



Happy Howls

The Musical Red Peppers
For Young Yanks of All Ages.

ISSUE A-No. 1

HAPPY NEW YEAR, 1923

Published
Periodically by
Studio and
Main Office

N. Y. Trend Publishing Co.

1752 East 17th Street - Brooklyn, N. Y.

Uptown Office:

1457 East 55th St., Suite 406, No. 1547 Broadway, N. Y. C.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Give the devil his due:"

If you quote us You must mention **HAPPY HOWLS**, copyright 1923.

by the publishers.

Contributions Welcome when they conform with our publishing policy.

"HAPPY HOWLS for Young Yanks of All Ages."

COPIES SELLING EVERYWHERE, INCLUDING MAIN OFFICE.



As Washington Would Say
Today
So Say We All of Us



I AM AN AMERICAN.
I am a Composite of the nations of
the earth.
I am Naturalized or Native, yet
I know no Fatherland but Heaven,
and
I know no Motherland but the U. S. A.

I am the Friend of all Nations;
I am the Servant of but one,—(the
U. S. A.)
I know no Faction, Creed nor Clan,
I only know, God's Hand-work, MAN.

May our Gates of Freedom ever re-
main Open to the Worthy Oppressed
of the World.

May the gates of Freedom never
prevail Against all Lovers of Liberty,
who will Render in Exchange there-
of, their Most Loyal Citizenship.

ALL HONOR to the Nation whose
tongue we speak; to the Nations who
excel in Science, Literature and Art.

May we never have cause to with-
draw from them the Hand of Friend-
ship.

America First and Forever!

I AM AN AMERICAN. (Ed.)

It's A Great Life

Youth is full of 'oly "L",
Age is full of 'oly water,
Give youth its fling and age its sting,
And things are as they "aughter".

Therefore:

Pass-up the bunk books "on weight
gaining and losing"
And list to the words of a cynical sage;
The old tricks of Time are still grimly
amusing:
If we do not **Blow-up**, we'll **Shrink-up**
with age.



Continental Chatter



GIRLS in pure white bear skin are attracting much attention along the Parisian boulevards.—(Furrier News).

* * * *

GREAT Big Celebrated Song Bird,—just back from London, says that before taking up Carmen, she will taken a little rest and take a little husband.

* * * *

SHE had her last husband only three months. That was **little** enough, goodness knows.

* * * *

IF it was lawful for some Divas to have two husbands at once they would take three:

* * * *

A **Cuty** with a weak moustache; a big Hairy Ape to civilize; and by all means,—a rich old guy to keep up the whole quartet.

* * * *

A **Chorus** Girl may wear socks but she doesn't hang 'em up on Christmas eve. Not while she has a perfectly good pair of tights.

* * * *

NOW suppose we nail up a pair with a note: "Dear Santa, Occupant Wanted, Beaut preferred." Any chance of a gift like that?

* * * *

RETIRING Costumes of the Bedroom Farces show that they sleep in most of their clothes.

* * * *

BUT when it comes to walking costumes the poor dears "have nothing to wear."

* * * *

AS usual, the dressed-up girl is mostly undressed.

* * * *

GIVE us chicken every day and we shant insist on the dressing.



WHEN you see a girl busy with the pumice stone, life buoy soap, and acetylene torches, etc., turn your head the other way.

Because she is getting ready for bed; she is taking off her coats (Coats of paint).



GLAD to hear that the well known Winter Garden dancer is recovering from her accident. We understand she broke her garter while hastening for the Coast express.

MORNING AMERICAN says the Flapper is All right. Doncher Know it! She has checked her cor-sets for good and ever, thereby creating a better feeling amongst her friends of the masculine persuasion.

She has scrapped her hand-bag in favor of honest to goodness pants pockets, simultaneously razzing the dressmaker.

She plays a better game of baseball than her father, barring nose powdering difficulties.

She can chew up an old Virginia Cheroot Cigar, swallow the juice, (and flop,) just like nothing!

Evil of him that evil thinks. The Flapper is O. K. to the last flap.

Hail the Knee Watch

ACHIC little dimpled darling complained to me last evening: "Now, isn't it very disconcerting? The nude knee is the mode and I adore the mode, but surely that is no reason why the young men should gaze unceasingly at my **knee watch**."

Oh, My, Yes

THERE is many a good-time-piece in a knee watch garter.

The Papers Say that Germany is Jazz Mad

They say Yank steppers are no smarter.

Yes, Children, once upon a time

It used to be the Watch On Rhine'

But now the Watch is on the Garter.

ONE moment please—while I crank the Ingersoll. With care; yes, a kick from a crank might break one's limb, you know.

IZA Dora Runcan, Dancer Cl-assic, has been very cordially invited to stay t'ell out of Boston.

"What a pity," moans the Hub, "to come on with her teddy bear." Dora says she's a Red for Art's sake.

We saw some handsome chaps in the subway, lately. But no: A close-up proved they were merely girls in skating togs, panties, et al.



Pipe the Pantaloons



By VIN SULLY

OH, I say,—have you seen 'em, out stepping,
Or boarding your Bron-x subway?
As they flap on the dapper, the lean and fat flapper
These Bloomers that Bloom on Broadway.

* * * *

SINCE the ballot the sweet things have captured
They are winning all else 'neath the sun.
And they swear as they prance, that they've now won the pants!
Well, I'll be a sonamergun!

* * * *

SO farewell to my lady's dressmaker,
To the purse and the vanity case;
To men's tailors they go,—Ikes have copped the whole show,
Pants pockets have taken first place.

* * * *

AND big brother gets smothered with powder
As he searches his his knicks for pipe dreams,
For there he finds lip stuff and sister's pink talc puff:
Bud has the wrong pants on, it seems.

* * * *

YES, 'tis hard to tell sister from brother,
When they go for a stroll,—so they say;
For they look much alike when they're out on the hike,
In those Bloomers that Bloom on Broadway.

If At First You Don't Succeed, etc.

Lecture plans of another London lady, fall flat. Instead, however she has accepted a position in the hand laundry department of a Wall street barber shop. Report has it she is holding a good hand already.



HOB O.-HEMIA

THE Equator is an Imaginary line. Another Imaginary line is the line between Art and Immorality.

FASCINATING FRENCH sixteen-year-old actress, who is to give free lessons in the **osculatory art**, denies that it has anything whatever to do with geometry. "Let X equal ze limit," says the fair Parisiane. "Heavens above, Johnnie, how you can love!" All she requires of the osculatory medium is a smacker for a smacker, C.O.D.



When a Latin Quarter Is a Bad "Cent."

THE DELIRIOUS DISTRICT is merely the environs bounded by Washington and Sheridan Squares. (But don't blame the late generals, Lord, no!

WRONG TOUCH SYSTEM

*Little Johnny Winters got his fingers full of
splinters,*

*And the gang is calling him "an awful Egg."
'Tis said he's feeling better, but he won't touch
Henrietta*

Since he learned that Etta wears a wooden leg.

Dough Nut?

Dapper little Flapper, makes a fellow want to slap
her

Lightly o'er her pink and pearly dimpled knees,
With her "doggies" rolled and furry
How she loves the snow fall's flurry,
Ain't it fun to watch her knee-skirt in the breeze!



Wit of the "Weak"



Len Fleming says in Sunday American, in parting,
"Well, if you want to live a hundred years, go ahead;
you won't do it the second time."

So if you want to be Healthy, **don't** start anything.

Sociable Guy who got knocked cold in his shoes
was said to have a weak arm.

His feet were **right there**, though, as they found or
removing his shoes.

No reference here to a certain he-man" critic who
affirms that he wears a round neck shave, suspenders
and dirty sox.

All Right Now !!!!! (Tune, Buck and Wing)

*Will the ladies and you fellers, kindly take a tip
from me?*

*Don't you never go to rackets where the people
don't agree.*

I went to a party last Saturday night

*While all hands were jokin' Mac started in to
fight.*

*Just because a feller threw his corned beef into
my tea*

*Why, he up wid a wallop and he blames it all
on me.*

*Sure I lost me lovely eyes in the scuffle and the
row,*

But ladies all and barkin' dogs—

I'M ALL RIGHT NOW!

I have the sorest kicker and it's achin' like the devil,
My head is in a plaster cast from Mrs. Murphy's
shovel.

The wife she broke the old sauce pot across me
Sunday pants

Because I lingered after two at Violet Casey's dance.
On me way to me work early Monday morn at six,
From the sky line of a scraper came a wagon load
of bricks.

I'm as black as any coolie, I'm as sick as any cow,
But ladies all, and them there, guys,

I'M ALL RIGHT NOW.



THANK you, no: The wise-cracker is not the latest product of the Irrational Biscuit Company. On the contrary, it is an alleged human being. (No, not the blawsted Limey Bean.)



AND SPEAKING OF SOCIETY, Reginald, why in the afternoon mail we find a very charming photo of a Japanese Ambassador's family at home. His Excellency, Percy Ku Shun sniffs in silence while his wife, Mrs. Elly Ku Shun renders the dagger scene from an Oriental travesty. On the floor is the cunning toddler, Master Exy Ku Shun, playfully beheading the cat.

On the wall we discern the familiar axiom, "Home, Home, Sweet Brew, there is nothing like it!"
Ma is fat and pa is slim.
Home Brew keeps this home in trim.
Charming nay perfectly 'procelarverous' photo. No?

AN' ME, A FRENA YORN!

*"An what's bringing me out, tonight" ya say?
Nuttin but thinkin of you all day.
An yer thinkin of givin me up fer Joe,
Doncha blevit, his ole man aint got the dough!
Jes pipe me swell outfit the fois time its worn,
Aint I a frena yorn?*

* * *

*"Ya better be pallin wid Maggie," O May!
An me takin ya out an blowin me pay!
As sure as I'm talkin, I aint got a cent,
Ta gib de ole lady fer eatins an rent!
Yer got a guy wishin he never wis born,
An me, a frena yorn!*

* * *

*Well I wont go wid Maggie, take it from me:
Dere's Nellie an Annie, I'm wantin ta see,—
An a lump's gittin big in the backa me tongue,
'Cause I figured on you, an here I am, stung!
Yer breakin me up wid yer laffin an scorn,
AN' ME, A FRENA YORN!*

"THIS WAY OUT"

*Stop fightin' an' marry me, Mabel.
Yes, I know my hat is waitin' on the table:
Yes, I know it's gettin' late, and you're givin' me
the gate;
I'll get a job tomorrow, if I'm able.*

Next Week Is Neck Week



DIRTY-FACED boy healthier than a **dirty-necked** flapper says Berlin scientist.



FINANCIALLY SPEAKING, or to quote a Wall street expert, when you get a bad "cent" hold your nose.

MUSICALLY SPEAKING, consider the charms of a note; for instance, the outlawed promissory note.

OR, the perfumed notes that will come to light in the Screen tragedy.

OR, those awful notes of a wise-cracker.

OR, Wesley Barry's beauty note—Freckles are my fortune.

BUT the Federal Reserve note still covers a multitude of sins, both musical and mundane.

Title Page of an old book seen in a second hand stall:

"The two-fold Villainies, etc., of Sir Davy Jones and Jane Neightwerk; together with the complete history of the three pistol shots, Aimed but Misdirected, at the constable of his Majesty's Star Chamber. (Whiz, Cha Bing, Bang, Fumble, Fowl.)

GOOD-BYE, DOLLY GRAY

*You have mighty pretty shins, little girl,
And the copper only grins little girl,
But we notice with regret (?)
A protruding pantalette
And we fear they'll get you yet, Dolly Gray.
Does your mamma know you're out little girl,
We are terrified with doubt, little girl.
If she missed you, goodness knows
Could she possibly suppose
Where you went without your clothes, Dolly Gray
It's a very chilly breeze, little girl,
Goodness me! If you should sneeze, little girl,
Would there be a little rip
Near environs of the hip
Would your pantallettys slip, Dolly Gray?
(KORZOG).*

RED HOTS AND MUSTARD



He was lookin' up and down for his ole dog Rover,
But he couldn't get a line on the mutt, all over.
Then he "spots" a butcher's sign and his eye dropped
a tear,
Right there upon the sign he read:
"Buy Your Dog Meat Here."



WAR TIME ECONOMY

"Oh, what is superfluity?" said teacher's backward scholar,
And Johnnie On-the-spot jumps up and made the whole room holler.
"Why this is 'simple' understood, this superfluity.
Supposin' you had whiskers hangin' way below yer knee.
You'd call that "superfluity" where'er them whiskers falls,
To wear a shirt behind 'em or a pair of overalls."

FUNERAL Face was wishing all hands "a **Brite** happy New Year."

HE was a little deaf and did not know that all hands replied "Happy Hooligan! Happy Hooligan!"

BEFORE you go, drink up and have another!

HOME TALENT

A flapper fair and forty-five
Made squawks like every bird alive,
She claimed to imitiate a he wren,
But always sounded like an old hen.

TRY TO FIND YOURSELF

Canal street is a better maze than the one at Coney Island, and five cents cheaper, too. Get's a guy, sore, you know."

"The little roaches run, but **Tempus fugit**," said Pat. Outside of that, Latin is Greek to him.)



Forefathers of Jazz



Texas Tornado, Dr. Norris, says, "Jazebel, the original flapper was the worst woman in the world. He believes in the curfew. Every girl under thirty, should be in bed by nine o'clock."

As we said before, Let's go, bo; all the girlies are going.

Speaking of Cake Eaters

*One-Steppers, Dizzies and Sharpies wear pants.
That are snug and will show every step of the
dance.*

*Their collars are low and their little jazz bows
Are tiny and tight like the rest of their clothes.*

*Their eyebrows are shaped and their face
powdered white,*

*Hair parts in the center and not on the right.
They go to the dance and they pay their way in,
But to pay for a girl they consider a sin.*

*They dance for a while, then, before the band
plays*

*The last waltz or one step they are all on their
ways,*

*For they all have opinions inside of their domes
That it's foolish to see little girls to their homes.*

*Half-timers are different from one-stepping guys
A half timer's regular, he always buys.*

*He furnishes tickets and calls at your door,
He takes you to dances and never gets sore.*

*If you order an extra ham sandwich or roll,
He's sure to surprise with a big bitsiole.*

Matter of Taste

She—What color is best for a bride

He—I prefer a white one, myself.

(from Redhead)



LET'S BUY A BANJO



"Sir Walter Wetwash, commends our machines,
They break all records, say all that know beans;"
Well, if this is the truth about their gramophone,
We do not desire their canned noise to own.

BATTLING SIKI SAYS:

"A 'Frenchman' is as good as a nigger any day, if
he behaves himself. Right away you think we are
referring to Gorgeous Georges. The fact is, you are
right. Yet the Carp insists that a Zulu or two is
nothing in his young life; besides he is an actor by
profession and a battler by suppression.

We have had a wonderful high brow poem in mind
for some time, we may call it "Back to the Dust."
No, it does not concern the long skirt, which is on
its way back to the dust, also.

LAMENT

Did ya ever have a fella
(Tall, 'n blue eyes—kinda cute—)
Who would always aggravate ya
'Cause he kept to dog-gone mute?

Books an' music, them he'll talk of
(He's a high brow—I kin tell)
But one night why don't he think of
Saying, "Gee, kid, you look swell!"

—Glad Wit.

ASK ANN, SHE KNOWS

Percy—"It's 'umbug, nothing but 'umbug, that's
what it is!"

Pat—"What 'tell kind of an insect is a humbug?"

MANY YEARS AGO

There was a young lady named Sue;

Who once took a trip to the zoo;

She got dreadfully drunk

Went too close to a skunk,

Now all her friends faint and say "Phew!"

Asked a fellow why he eats at his girl's house
every day and he said "I am getting even; after I
marry her, she will eat at my house for life."

You Mustn't Mind A Little Thing Like That



Girls, you mustn't mind a little thing like that.
If a fellow puts his hand half down your backs.
And you feel the icy-cycle of his naughty tickle,
tickle,



Girls, you mustn't mind a little thing like that.

You mustn't mind a little thing like that
If a subway mob should smash your five spot hat,
And you're picked up feeling leary,
With both eyes all black and bleary.
Boys, you mustn't mind a little thing like that.

You mustn't mind a little thing like that.
They have boosted rent ten berries on your flat.
And there ain't an empty dog house,
Nor a dug-out for a field mouse,
Why simply pay and put up where you're at.

You mustn't mind a little thing like that.
Hell no! Be happy; keep 'em on the guess.
Times "is" tough, but chuck a bluff.
Oh, my, yes.

TRY AND GET IT!

It takes a pretty fascinating bum to keep the
picture of health on the end of his nose, these days.

YEP, THAT'S ALL

Dimple, dimple, little bare,
How I wonder what you wear
When you're walking down the drive;
Honest? (Mercy, me, alive)

YOU BETTER BE GOOD!



Broadcasting they say, is more effective at night;
for which reason, no doubt, the police require the
public parks vacated at ten p. m.



SIGN LANGUAGE THE REMEDY

*Now, my private conversation is heard clear across
the nation.*

*Since this peace disturbin' Radio has come,
And I'm gettin' so "unaizy," bless me soul, I'm
nearly crazy—*

*That's the reason I am learning "Deaf and
Dumb."*

SUPPOSE YOU'VE MET HIM

Shirtless before Caesar, Civvy arrived in City Hall Park. Whereupon our worthy mayor ordered him to "about face." Now Civvy gazes wistfully at the Hanover Lunch, sadly sighing, "I wish I was back in the quarry, far from the land of the tailor-made man." Our municipal male beauty swings a wicked dagger, dripping with lingerie, proving himself the terror of the weaker sex, and the inspiration for White Wings, to clean up.

PRETTY BABY

*There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise
He went down to the sea shore
And said, "Ah, there, my size!"
Yes, when he lamped her awful pan
He promptly left the place
The baby was his size all right,
But, oh my God! THE FACE!*

PIE IS VERY POPULAR in America. Stenogs feast on sodys and Eskimo Pie. Writers say Pie gives them crust, and Miss Flapper after slapping brother for making mud pies goes home and slobbers her face with blue mud pies. Beauty is as thick as mud and common mud is skin deep. A thing of beauty is a joy forever, or as long as mud-slinging is practiced by politicians and the ladies, bless their sweet hearts. The wife has 'ariz' from her beauty nap and is now dressing for her mud bath. This beauty business is the cat's, ain't it.

A MARRIED MAN'S MEDLEY



*"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes,"
(The Home Brew makes me sick)
"When You and I were Young, Maggie"
I made an awful pick.
Those "Silver Threads, Among the Gold"
Prove the Peroxide's punk.
"Love's Old Sweet Song" we used to sing
But now we know it's bunk.*



ALMOST SHAMPOOED TO DEATH

*He was bathing at the barber's; it was wify's
glad pay day;
And the barber rudely rubbed his baldy dome,
"Now have something on your head
"When I'm through," the barber said,
"Well—at least—I hope to God I'll have my
home!"*

HUMMING BUM

*"Why, looky here," I says to Lee,
They calls this here blame country free,
I took a car, so help me Lord,
And now they says I copped a Ford.
Although I took the judge's guff
The judge is nothing' but a stuff!
They call this here blame country free,
Free baths is all they gives to me."*

IS THAT SO?

How about the green soap and the emery wheel.
He's an ungrateful cuss; but not a bad looker when
he has his neck neatly washed-up and sandpapered.

IN FLORIDA, NOW

We are falling away to a bale of hay since the
wife went away to the country. Her vacation is our
recreation.

Beach beauties seem to be drest in dimples and
smiles.

These costumes will do until the "Blueys" find a
fig leaf that will withstand the witching waves.



So they buried him in the old brown dollar
derby he wore on his wedding day. (What,
again?)



Jake Met His Waterloo When He Met Sue

Jake played his handsome gaydog game

Both up and down Broadway

But now he's buckler to some dame,

And here's all Jake can say:

(All together, Chorus)

"Yes, I met My Waterloo, when I Met Sue,

They called me "Heartless butterfly."

I got regardless with the "ole glad eye,"

But I'll always rue the day when I wed Sue.

I used to take the fancy babies swimin'

Now I take guff from some old tootless wimmin,

I sure met My Waterloo When I Met Sue.

Now I'm a harmless household dub

A dish-rag in my hand

While Sue's a stage struck social snub,

And gay old Jake is canned."

How Sue Wooed and Won Jake

(Apologies to the late bounder, Chris Marlowe):

Come live with me and be my dub,

And we will make you wash and scrub,

The pretty dishes in the sink

Shall be made clean quick as a wink.

Ah! If thou would'st these pleasures prove

Come right upstairs and shine the stove.

Politician asked his friend if he wanted a job as
prohibition agent and he replied, "Thanks pard, I
ain't drinkin."

CONSIDERED A GOOD INVESTMENT



The crowds had gathered round him; he was shining
up his nose,
The only thing bequeathed to him by Fate;
It was a cherry red and the owner proudly said,
"Gents, you here behold my grandfather's estate."



SPEECH! SPEECH!

"When in the course of Human Events" the Hooch
flask is smashed,— "Damit t'ell; Christmas come and
Christmas gone!"

PAUL BUCK BEER'S RIDE

Listen my children, and you shall hear
Of the Birth of Hooch and the Death of Beer.
Since the Eighteenth Amendment, moonshiners thrive
Hardly a man is now alive,
Who remembers the ink that he drank last year.
(Longfellow begs us to desist.)

SHED YOUR TEARS

It is sad to see people taking to drink in declin-
ing years. Here, in defiance to the Volstead act, is
our distinguished citizen, Chauncey M. Depew, in the
eighty-eighth year of his life,—taking to Buttermilk.
O, Chauncey, how could you?

THE YOUNG RAHJA

A chap named Rodolf,—so sleek,
Once made a great hit as the "Shiek"
But he says its no joke
Being always dead broke,
With only two thousand a week.

WHO WANTS A BIG DRINK?

We know a guy who knows a cop
Who runs a Hoochy Koochy Shop.
And every time he says "Keep mum,"
The Volstead gang begins to hum:
"Drink up and have another."



HEY, SIKI!

Knowing you like "poetry" we culled the following from a garage wall:

*Drivers and helpers, one and all
What writes their guff on this here wall:
You better beware of Hawk-Eye Mike
He'll crash your dome with a railroad spike!*



A TIP

"Follow the Red Line," a street directory is of no avail at the Times Square Subway sation, or should we say, "Sewers of Paris."

TICKET, PLEASE

*Over the River and thru the "Mill"
To Beautiful Blackwell's they go,
The judge knows the way, to send them away,
For giving a gas when the cop said "Slow."*

SCOTCH MEAN

It was in bonnie Scotland. Sister was taking wee brother to aunty's to show her his new ponderous eyeglasses.

Mother warned sister in a shrill voice: "An' be sure an' take his glasses off when he ain't looking at nuthin'."

Was Ma guarding her son against the native flapper or was she merely Scotch-mean?

GET THIS ONE, CHEF

When Pat got off the boat he found himself mad with the hunger, and facing a French menu card, which was Greek to him. "Ahr, t'ell wid it," says Pat; "I'll ahder what the next feller does." Presently a gentleman said, "Waiter, let me have a nakpin." "Waiter, let me have a plate of napkins," shouted Pat. And the waiter hollered to the chef, "A bunch of rags for a billy goat."



Career of a Gumshoe's Gal

By Vin Sully



In a rat-trap mine of the Tenderloin
 In a rum-soaked and hopeless condition,
 Sat a crook on a chair at a table bare,
 And beside him, the female edition.

Gad! she is fair! and her impudent stare
 Has all the pugs on-the-pike
 In teeth and eyes her beauty lies
 And she is as tough as a spike.

Now, the gunman told as he flashed the gold
 Of a plundering midnight mission,
 And he flung a share to the flapper fair
 For loot is the red-light ambition.

And she laughed like a nightingale. Gad! how she laughed!
 And her voice ran the scale of high "C;"
 She kissed him, carsessed him, she piously blessed him,
 But a dangerous saint is she!

* * * * *

From a taxicab came a voice, "I'll stab!"
 And another in horror replied,
 "If you touch that loot or that girl, I'll shoot!"
 And a gunman groaned and died.

But the ride was short, for the pug was caught,
 And he grimly wished that he could
 "Be game enough to quit the game,
 When the game was going good."

As he passed her by, on his way to die
 He paused for a longing look after,
 But she cried, "Be damned!" and the window slammed
 As she burst into fiend-like laughter.

Yes, she laughed like a hag of hell. Gad! how she laughed!
 And her voice ran the scale of high "C"
 As she hissed him and hearsed him, and dammed him and cursed him
 In a Vampire's Victory!

* * * * *

So she gave them the "Jazz," and she gave them the Razz,
 This wildcat Borneo Baby.
 With their loot, rum and wine, they all swore "She is mine,"
 But she vowed she was free, and would stay free!

Now, two dancing feet as Pug saw at John Street,
 Still danced as they left the car,
 And he saw them wane through the window pane,
 And he watched them dance from afar.
 Then a sudden lurch threw him clean from his porch,
 The express like a flash was still;
 And the end of a dame that was terrible game,
 Shows how an express can kill.

That Skirt of Plenty from Paris



BACK in the dear dead days when the trailing skirts made street cleaning superfluous (and when we were a WEE kid,) we used to wonder if the ladies had legs and everything like "us guys." (Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be Flo Ziegfeld)



The era (or error) of Madamoselle Flapper, however, has left little doubt—or rather should we say,—it has dissipated all doubt in our minds—concerning the female possession of legs.

NAY, upon observation we find that some of these legs might have supported a whole factory of baby grands. Others indeed, resembled the match sticks in a parade of potato pigs. But, generally, to speak generously and fairly of the **FAIR,** they usually flourished a beautiful pair of scandals.

RECENTLY, at the far famed Miami Beach, at the restricted end, a great big beautiful blonde emerged from her dressing room caressing her inseperable pet, the uke-lale; She could strut some in her wicked one-piece slip-on! Several weak kneed males said she was the K. O. and they capitulated forthwith. It was "stew" much. Will she wet that wonderful wig? Do you think she's crazy?

AND now comes a change with the summer's farewell. The skirt of the dear dead days is upon her. History repeats itself in the return of the trail (?) and Mental Speculation on the part of the Mashing Male is again in order. Again he is "Dogging-up" the shapely shaft that reveals itself through the sheeny folds of the tilted skirt.

ALREADY the open coal holes in the street are gaping for victims, for the long skirt hath its lure, for the skirt chaser.

BURLESQUE Shows will thrive again with the return of the illusion in ladies' legs.



Verily, the Stage is removed to the sidewalk and the revue business is shot to—. And all because the strolling flapper has copped the war-paint, the knee-skirt and the spangles from footlight fair-ones.



"Excuse my back," said Alice, politely. We certainly will, Alice. (It was the great big beautiful bare back of Alice Delisyä.)

Certainly we exonerate Alan Dale; he is not responsible for the foregoing, although he has said more than a columnful about the Great Afgarian bare back, a short time ago.

Why, "Soitenlee"

Excuse us our artistic ignorance but some of our perfectly good film queens are waxing a bit top heavy; page the Great Nazimova

The Circles of Nazimova's "Camille" begin with her eyebrows; they encompass everything indoors; they end in a gorgeous globular bed of death, under a circular window—or is it a porthole of a Mediterranean cruiser? Art upon Art and yet more Art.

But "Camille" fans are like olive eaters—they are grown critical. They felt that Alla had cheated them of some traditional thrills.

No ?

You all remember the "What's all the shootin' for?" fellow in Mr. Cohan's "Tavern." Maybe you'd noticed his twin sister, Lizzie, of "The Bat." She has a lovely voice to holler "Murder" or "Huckleberries" with.

They are still "Getting Gertie's Garter," which means that Al Woods is tickled to death with success.

Of course they will finally get it, but in a hospitable sense, and in a financial sense, this is a case of Delightful Delay.

Not Yet, Georgette

Reading a sign, "Jackie Coogan in Trouble" we wondered if Jackie had plucked one of those matrimonial peacherinos, after the manner of all movie actors. But no, "Trouble" is merely the name of one of his latest films. "Oliver Twist" not being released at this writing.

Calling-on the Clancys



Actors in the Act



CLANCY, *the Harp-with-the-Bark.*

(by Great Scot.)

BIDDY, *the wife, (French by Mistake.)*

(by Ophelia Hat)

CORONER MOHOGANY, (*ex-bartender*)

(by Ole Moses)

(in love with Mrs. Clancy)

HENRY CLANCY, *Kid with the hard finish.*

(by G. Whiz.)

CLANCY. Biddy, me bunch O' sweetness, come here.

BIDDY. Yis, Michael darlin.

CLANCY. Biddy, I'm *suspectin* a visit from Coroner Mohogany. Brush-up and look smart, and when he comes put on style on ye. Speak nuthin but French and foreign languages.

BIDDY. I can't speak it but I'll talk it.

CLANCY. That's just the same. (*a knock*). There he is now.

CLANCY. Aha, Ahr! God bless yer Irish heart, how are ye! Me old sheep thief, a chum—, how are ye, how do ye feel? "Bun sour" that's French.

MOHOGANY. If I felt any better I couldn't stand it.

CLANCY. Go long with ye! Biddy bring the gentleman a dirty big barrel of Guinness' stout. Mohogany, yer welcome! Yer as welcome as—if ye didn't come at all. Make yerself at home; wipe yer feet on the lace curtains. Drink-up and have another.

MOHOGANY. Sure I'm thinkin of the good old days when we drew our pays and hustled down to Duffy's.

CLANCY. Our prohibition foes were jealous of Pat's nose. Says I to him "Shine-up yer barleycorn beacon and let us see how you invested yer grandfather's



estate. He had the light everlasting in his nose, so he did. We'll have a bit of coffee or tea, with ice cream and onions. Meet-up with me family."

MOHOGANY. Thanks: I'm a great lover of curiosities.

CLANCY, (aside) I don't like that.

Here's me darter, Charlotte, named after the great French actress, Charlotte Russe. She been studying in France, studying in a ladies "cemetary" over there. Here's me little boy, Henry Clay Clancy, named after the man that makes clay pipes and things.

MOHOGANY, Henry, I'm pleased to meet you.

HENRY. Arh, shut up!

CLANCY. Henny, Henny, Henny! And last but not least the flower of the family, me old bunch of rags, Mrs. Michael Clancy.

BIDDY. Mrs. Charlotte Mike Clancy.

CLANCY. Yis, yis, Mrs. Charlotte Mike.

BIDDY. Mr. Mohogany, I'm pleased to make your "connusisence" (?!?).

Mohogany. I charmed to meet the wife of my "extinguished" foe, Mrs. Charlotte Mike Clancy. I saw you in bathing last summer. Yes, I took a great fancy to Charlotte Mike Clancy. (pinches her).

CLANCY. Be all the saints and St. Patrick! Get yer hand out of there. What tell! You dirty villian of a coronor, mash-in my wife! Get yer hat, out you go, *this way out!* (Apologies to Casey's Columbia Record).



Quite So, Aunty

A film star kicked off with the flu and left her bediamonded thigh bracelet to her maiden aunt.

Aunty says "I feel as chipper as any gal of my years and ability, but it will be some time afore I 'spects to be in shape to wear that glitterin' bear trap in society."

How Paddy Applied for His Papers



CLERK What is your true name, sir?

PAT Be dad, tis the same as me farther's:
Patrick James.

CLERK Patrick James—what?

PAT Not Patrick James WHAT! O'shane,
O'shane.

CLERK What is your age, Mr. Oshane?

PAT Be all' the saints and St. Patrick, come
Paddy's next—twenty-nine.

CLERK Where were you born, sir?

PAT Well sir, me mother says, says she, I were
born be the back door in a barrel of pra-
ties; and me farther says, be dad says he,
I were born withjn a dog's bark of Mondie
Mornin; so there ye are. I'm thinkin we'll
be aftre havin Home Rule, do you know?

CLERK My time is short, Mr. O'shane. What
county were you born in?

PAT Ireland, Ireland! do I look like a dirty
heathen?

CLERK Town and County, please?

PAT Neither a far-down, nor a yellow face:
Dunalk say I. (SINGS)

But of all the Towns in Ireland,
Kilkenny fer mine!

CLERK What was the mayor's name?

PAT Kitty, be dad, the purtiest dapple gray ye
ever laid eyes on!

CLERK Sir, we are not speaking of animals;
What is the m-a-y-o-r's name? the head
of the town.

PAT Faith sir, they be niver head nor tail, to it.

CLERK Mr. OShane, if you desire citizenship,
you'll have to answer my questions. What
is the mayor's name?

PAT Ah, go long! put down "Joe McCaffery."

CLERK What is the date of your birth?

PAT Sure twas the night of the big wind, so the
ole wimmen say. An them ole wimmen be
divils! I was after walkin a dozen miles to
church of a Sundie mornin. D'ye mind:
Father Flynn was lookin down the aisle
with a mad face. Father Flynn, he says,



says he: "Parishioners are requested in the name of decency, to water their horses before enterin the church; it's a shockin disgrace to see bay mare and dapple gray in the vestibule DRINKIN UP THE HOLY WATER!"

Well, Mrs. Flannagan, she ups an titters out loud in the middle o the mass. "Sit down, sit down, says Father Flynn, "I'm ashamed of ye!"

CLERK Come on Oshane, cut out the yarns. What's the date of your birth?

PAT October the forty-first, eighteen hundred and skateyeight.

CLERK A moment ago you said you were twenty-nine. Sir, you are guilty of purjury and grand larcenry, you are wanted on the complaint of Mrs. Michael Mohogany, for abducting a dozen and a half of fanciest swine. Come with me to Raymond Street Jail for a bowl of soup and a wash.

PAT What t'ell!

(Choose Nearest Exit)

EXTRAVAGANT LIZZIE

Before me is a letter from Lizzie Smith. She wants to know "Is Charley Ray good in B. V. D.?" Never saw that one, Lizzie, but if you mean Charley Ray in R. S. V. P.—well go ahead, squander your dime. Don't forget, you had ten cents last week—*what did you do with it?*

INSTANTLY

"*Get yourself examined* says a big ad, headline. You may have Hoocheritis of the Hip, or Flap-peritis of the Kisser. But Violet Rays is no chorus girl, so do not blame Violet.

WANTED BY THE POLICE

Vin Sullivan's Rubber Heels. (Adv. Please remit.) Keep going. Sully, keep going.



ON THE STAND



Judge: "I understand, Mrs. Murphey, that you received this blow in the lobby?"

Mrs. M.: "No, your honor. I was sitting down at the time."

* * *

IN THE SUIT STORE

Cohen: "There! Ain't it a poifect fit!"

John: "Yes—but I'd like a belt in the back."

Cohen: "You vant a belt in der back for \$11.75? Get out of here! I'll give you a belt in the buttocks!"

* * *

THREE IS A CROWD

In the parlor there were three
Lottie, parlor lamp and he.

Two is company, there's no doubt,
And so they put the poor lamp out.

Vin Sully's Tales of White Way Knights



(To the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me")



Ah, grim tales are told of actors bold
Who seldom saw the sun rise,
For the sun was dead or still in bed
When the actor's day was done, "bihes."

They toiled like bee with industry
Till tolled the midnight bell, bihes,
Then woe to him who had no hymn
Or a speech prepared to tell, bihes.

O, One Eddie Foy a game old bihe,
Stout Knight of Clan ne Jale, sirs,
Began his speech, but he dared to teach
The evils of old ale, sirs.

'Tis hard to tell how Eddie fell,
But he rose never more, bihes,
He was heard to say as he hit the hay
"Did anything hit the floor bihes?"

O the tables round did then resound
With husky Kollier's fist, sirs,
For, the kegs of ale he swore were stale
And twelve fat clansmen hist, sirs.

Up Hitchy rose in his best clothes,
And piped a hymn of peace, bihes,
Of the peace to come with the blue laws won,
Now Hitchy's suit is grease, bihes.

(Spoken)

Then the Wop tripped G. M. and Geo. chased
Casazza,
And G. M. threw the Wop down the chute
on the Plaza.

Then Al J. and Kantor gave the dead one
vacation
As they swept the remains of the midnight
collation.

Now the floor opened wide and the rest took
a slide
And were carried away by the out-going
tide.

Yes, all this took place in the midnights of
yore
In the year nineteen hundred, a ten and a
four,
When garlos, hot toddys and rare old
champagne
Were as free as the river and as cheap as
the rain.



GENTLEMEN, MR. SAPPO! (From the Late "Old Doc Gags")

A Notable Contribution to International Biography.

By Prof. Arthur Neale



On the last page of this brochure is a piece of writing from the ever-sharp of one, Mr. Phil Bert Sappo. Some will have looked it over already. Others will have already overlooked it. But let no one overlook the author. Otherwise there's a holler!

P. B. Sappo is the author of many brilliant unpublished novels, and a regular contributor to the waste baskets of all the big New York dailies. He has a wide circle of literary acquaintances, having played games of chance with almost every newsboy in New York. Yes, he has a wide circle of acquaintances, and most of them go around in a wide circle when they see him.

Sappo also knows such intellectual giants as H. G. Wells and G. B. Shaw. Or, we should perhaps say, he knows them by sight. He's frequently seen their pictures in the newspapers. Of Sappo's early history we know but little. But what we do know is quite enough. There seems to be a big uncertainty attached to his early life; and some of his friends say that the same amount of uncertainty is attached to his future. Others say that he'll die in jail.

But from piecing together heedless words dropped when in his cups, we gather that Sappo's father was a man of letters himself. He was a postman. Be that as it may, Sappo has acquired considerable polish since landing at the Battery one foggy day while the immigration officers were discussing the Einstein theory.

He also picked up one or two other things, and has a collection of overcoats without rival in the country—or city. He also has a passionate hobby for collecting silver-

ware; although, unfortunately, the obstacles and discouragements met with in its pursuit, he says, have been many.

He was examining a particularly handsome—and costly—set of silverware on one occasion, when the lady of the house approached and asked what he was doing. Always ready with an answer, Sappo replied, "Madam—I'm at your service. From that day he considered himself a wit; while others have brought him a half-wit.

But it was while the war was on that he became fully conscious of the significance of that old crack about the 14-carat nib fountain-pen being mightier than the 14-inch gun. He secured an exemption. They said he was mentally ill.

Genius, however, is always misunderstood; and it is said that every great writer has a streak of insanity. If this actually is so—then Sappo indeed is great! In fact, today he is already a man of mark, or, perhaps we should say, a marked man. He moves in the best circles, and no matter how full has never yet fallen.

So when we use the word "brilliant" to describe this wonderful man, we by no means exaggerate. We call him brilliant because he's always lit up. And he ascribes some of his best work to lunar influence—or, as others might put it: to moonshine.

But, as a certain gentleman remarked on occasion of his sixth bankruptcy, "Every one has his failings." HAPPY HOWLS can only be commended for having secured the services of Mr. Sappo. Long has the office needed an extra cleaner.



The Little Broadway by the Sea



By Vin Sully.

What haven or haunt of pleasure on
earth

Compares with this Island of In-
finite mirth?

What glamour glows half so glitter-
ing gay?

What mystical charm and what
magical ray!

Hail Coney Isle! Greetings, allur-
ing Isle!

What sultry days you airily beguile.

What merry masses promenade your
strand,

Bathe in your surf, bask on your
silver sand!

What numbers, too, forgetful of the
night

Soothed by your sheltering shores,—
greet dawning light.

Sojourn her Avenue, and there are
we,

Swayed with surging throng of
strolling glee.

Surf Avenue, dear Coney's "Great
White Way"

Is thus inhabited, by night and day.

Her Bowery, too, is people pressed,
and there,—

Like Old New York's historic Chat-
ham Square,

Small showman flocked, and gals in
tawdry tights,

Have pranced and danced before
lime lights.

The Bowery ends, and there looms
..Steeplechase,

No human foot e'er set on gladder
place.

With mad cap whirls and rides and
slides,—a—hum.

Vast crowds from Newark, and
from Harlem come.

New Brighton, Henderson's,—their
"Times Square shows."

Each first night fan and vaudy-
haunter knows.

Tilyou, Thompson, Stauch, geniuses
of fun

With Feltman's fame, are second
now to none.

Renowned resort! Oft visited with
fire,
Undaunted, rose—each time you did
aspire.—

Not to restore what fire would ef-
face
But o'er the ruin to rear a fairer
place.

Right proudly, then, her banners are
unfurled;
'Tis Coney Isle that recreates the
world!

Yes, it is quite true that Feltman's
fame is largely Redhots and mus-
tard. And at a dime a dog, they
taste like more in the good old
summer time.

"Wear Whiskers For Warmth" say Moscow citizens, in defiance of the barbers' strike.



Seven Stages of Love

Billy Shikespir, the bartender of Avon, (yep, I know him personal!) tells us in our grammar lessons,—remember that there are Eight Ages of Man, or was it Seven? Anyway, I've been thinking lately that the Stages of Love are about Seven.

1. *From Flirtation to Acquaintance.*
2. *From Acquaintance to Friendship.*
3. *From Friendship to Love.*
4. *From Love to Familiarity.*
5. *From Familiarity to Contempt.*
6. *From Contempt to Hate.*
7. *From Hate to Murder;*

UNLESS—the world is wide and good old Reno intervenes.

In the words of the old English proverb, "Courtings and Wooings bring Dallyings and Doings." Doings indeed, or rather Duels, with rusty flat irons or old shot guns. Peace be with you! What would heaven be without her fireworks. By Stars! Can you imagine?

According to Alan Dale, "the only marketable stock is the Laugh. Weep and you weep alone, for your public expects, nay demands, the genuine HAPPY HOWL!"

Blow the Bugles, beat the Drums,
Here the world's best Actor comes.
Watch him make the blame show stop

When he makes poor Hamlet flop.

Throw tomatoes, get the eggs, "Hammy" is on his last legs.

But "Eggs," adds Alan Dale, "were then at a throwable price." Consider the tomator, for that matter; they are sold by the **pound** both here and in England.



The following fragmentary "pome" was handed to us by a lady friend.



**Yes, long skirts are the go,
That's plain to the eye.
But my Sheik says, "No,
You've got two swell reasons why."**

It seems to me that if the baseball fans were restrained from drilling their lungs, the bleachers would look pretty blue. By gosh, but it tickles a fan to bawl out Babe Ruth when he fumbles. It's a fan's pie to holler, "Chuck Up, You Big Bumbino, Chuck up!"
YES—

By gosh, 'twould give the fans the mopes
To make 'em sit up there like dopes,
When every man is born a fan
And even girls have hopes.

"Can the Girls be Fans?" asks the N. Y. Tribune. Well not the kind that shut up at home. (Shut up yourself, you fresh thing!)

**Piquant, saucy little miss,
How I long your lips to kiss,
How I long your form to press,
How I'd love to,—Can you guess?**

It seems to me that our cousin, The Ape, is seen very much in the limelight of late. Dispatch says "Woman hunts Gorilla in the Wilds of the Congo." How they do love the cave man; how they cry for some one to treat 'em rough.

"The Four Swallows" is the name of a new novel, as I thought. It proved to be a container of Four Swallows of the Prohibited,

Mr. Phil Bert Sappo's Famous Patriotic Inspiration



(See Page 28)



Our brave soldiers fought with indignity;
At night they saw prosperity.
They were heroes till it ended;
The great war they had mended.

The heroes of '76 were just as brave;
They marched away with glory that waved,
The minutemen were just the same;
Because they, too, were always in the game;

And there, too, are other brave men;
The soldiers of '61 they were heroes by the ten,
While some of them, lay in their grave;
We will not forget they were brave.

They were all heroes in that case;
But, we will remember them in our base,
They were the sons of our country;
We will not forget their deeds, as long as our flag
covers our boundry.

(From Tatler).

(Consider the Literary Atrocities perpetrated in the Names of "Flag"
and "Mother") ed.

Watch For Another World of Wows in our next issue, Headlined by that Delightful Windy Bum, **Huck Finn's Pap**, with the kid's all night fight and getaway.

*Didya ever start a laffin
Till ya wished that you could stop
Well that's the way it gets ya
When ya readin HUCK FINN'S PAP
And yer sur ta bust out laffin
In the middle of your prayers
When Huck Finn's Pap starts chasin off
Your troubles and your cares.*

New Doings of Dappers and Flappers, etc.

HAPPY HOWLS Wish You A Glad New Year
and urge you to read **THE REDHEAD**
of Oakland, Los Angeles and 'Frisco.
Week by week, the **REDHEAD** reports the
Great Sporting Life of the Coast.
(Three Months \$1.00—Remit to this office)

Chorus (Verses on front cover, inside) All Together, on Your Baby Grand:

Chorus 1st time *p. Rep. f*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single treble staff, while the piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass). The lyrics are written below the melody staff. The score includes a chorus section with a first time and a repeat sign. The lyrics are: "So Drink up and have an o ther brother! This here rounds on me. Drink up and all your trou bles smother; What ev er they may be. Our pro hi bi tion foes were jeal ous of Pat's nose. So Pat's pic ture oer the bar with booze and free ci gar. Just face a way your blues And have a drink of booze Just, Drink up and some-thing to re call The old big ten cent ball But Drink up and have an o ther brother! This here rounds on me So me". The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

So Drink up and have an o ther brother! This here rounds on me.

Drink up and all your trou bles smother; What ev er they may

be. Our pro hi bi tion foes were jeal ous of Pat's nose. So
be. Pat's pic ture oer the bar with booze and free ci gar. Just

face a way your blues And have a drink of booze Just, Drink up and
some-thing to re call The old big ten cent ball But Drink up and

have an o ther brother! This here rounds on me So me

DEAR UP ETC. 2

D.C. Vamp

Other Song Hits, "Bank on the Grand Old Man," A dad song that will never die—"Stand by Your President," A Smashing jazzy march, prize song. "Lenore's Answer," A love song that will be sung till judgment day.

[LARGE SIZE]-10 Cents

"Bath-she-ba"

With Seven Illustrations 50 cents

(from Page 15)

DAV. Ah, my Bathsheba!
When first I spied thee from my palace roof
Bathing beneath the arched and azure skies.
Undecked of all but thy long glittering hair
'Twas Venus to behold! And O, how lovely
Looked you looking down: the curved, long lashes
Languishly low, you lifted pensively,
'Twas but a moment, my Bathsheba,
One mutual glance!—and thou wert born for ME.
(Don't Miss This)



HOTEL ST. GEORGE,
WILLIAM TURNBRIDGE,
CLARK, HICKS, HENRY & PRINGLE STE.
51 CLARK STREET,
BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK

25-605791

My Dear Mr Sullivan,

Mammy
Thanks for your play
I read it with great
interest,

Yours Sincerely
R B Mantell

ROBERT B. MANTELL, AMERICA'S BEST ACTOR

N. Y. Trend Pub. Co., 1752 East 17th St., Brooklyn